

DELL

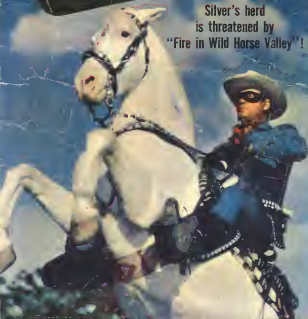
SILVER STALLION ISSUE

10¢

SEPTEMBER

the Lone Ranger

Silver's herd
is threatened by
"Fire in Wild Horse Valley"!



The Texas Rangers



"WHEN I THINK OF THE LONG HISTORY OF THE TEXAS RANGERS, IT MAKES ME PROUD TO HAVE BEEN ONE OF THEM. WHILE TEXAS WAS STILL A PART OF MEXICO, THE FEW WIDELY SCATTERED SETTLERS LIVED IN CONSTANT FEAR OF INDIAN RAIDS. IN 1823, THE TEXAS RANGERS WERE FOUNDED TO PROTECT THE COLONISTS."



"THE HONEST AND FEARLESS RANGERS SOON WERE ROUTING CATTLE THIEVES, STAGE ROBBERS AND BORDER BANDITS AND TALES OF THEIR BRAVE EXPLOITS SPREAD."



"PURSUING STOLEN CATTLE IN 1876, CAPTAIN JIMMY LED A FEW RANGERS INTO MEXICO. OUTHUMBERED AND FIGHTING ON UNFRIENDLY SOIL, HE RECOVERED THE ANIMALS HE HAD COME FOR."

"IT TOOK ONLY ONE TEXAS RANGER, LEUTENANT JOHN B. ARMSTRONG TO TRACK THE FEARED GUNFIGHTER, JOHN HARRIS TO FLORIDA AND CAPTURE HIM SINGLE-HANDED."



"IN THE BEGINNING, TEXAS RANGERS TRAVELED IN GROUPS TO THE SCENE OF TROUBLE, BUT NOW SINGLE RANGERS ARE MATCHED AGAINST A GANG OF TROUBLE-MAKERS."

the Lone Ranger

FIRE IN WILD
HORSE VALLEY

LATE AT NIGHT, THE SUDDEN
FLURY OF A WILD MUSTANG
HOOPS SOUNDS AGAINST A
CORRAL FENCE...



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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS



SOON...



TONTO SURE RAIDER
NOT BE RIDDEN BY
ANYONE! HORSE HAVE
NO SHOES! THERE NOT
BE ANY INDIANS NEAR
HERE SO HIM BE
WILD HORSE!



LET'S SEE WHERE
HIS TRAIL LEADS US,
TONTO!



LATER...

IT'S NO USE!
ROCK LEDGE NOT
SHOW ANY
SIGN OF
WHERE HORSES
GO!

WE'RE NEAR WILD HORSE
VALLEY, I GUESS THAT
IS WHY SILVER HAS
BEEN ACTING UP
A BIT!



THAT VALLEY WAS HIS
HOME, MR. HUNTER!
YEARS AGO I FOUND
SILVER NEARBY IN A
DEADLY FIGHT WITH
A BUFFALO!

YOU SURE GOT
YOURSELF A FINE
HORSE! YOU MUST
KNOW NOW I FEEL
ABOUT MISSING
SOME PRIZE
MARES!



THERE IS NO POINT
IN GOING IN THERE! I
AM POSITIVE THE RAIDER
DID NOT COME FROM
THE VALLEY! THE HORSES
IN THERE NEVER
LEAVE IT!

YOUR SILVER LEFT IT!
MAYBE THAT THIEF
APPALOOSA CAME OUT
FROM THE VALLEY,
TOO! WE'RE GOING
TO HAVE A
LOOKSEE!





PUT IT BACK!



LE-LET GO!

THEN RIDE OFF AND FORGET ABOUT SETTING WILD HORSE VALLEY ON FIRE! I AM CERTAIN YOUR RAIDER IS NOT IN THERE! TONTO AND I WILL BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR HIM!



YOU WON—FOR NOW, HUNTER! BUT I'M NOT FINISHED WITH THAT VALLEY—NOT AS LONG AS THERE'S A CHANCE THAT THE RAIDER MAY BE INSIDE IT!



DO YOU REALLY THINK HE WOULD START A FIRE THAT WOULD SWEEP THE VALLEY?

YES, DAN! THE VALLEY MEANS NOTHING TO HIM! IT DOESN'T HAVE THE MEMORIES IT DOES FOR US OF SILVER'S PAST AND OF THE UNTOUCHED WILDERNESS WE WANT TO PRESERVE! HUNTLY WANTS THAT RAIDER DEAD—EVEN AT THE EXPENSE OF A LOT OF BURNED LAND!



TONTO AND I WILL CAMP HERE TO LOOK FOR THE RAIDER, DAN! THINK YOU CAN KEEP AN EYE ON HUNTLY'S PLACE AND ALERT US IF HE STARTS THIS WAY?

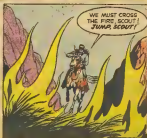
YOU BET I CAN!—LET'S GO, VICTOR!



NEST DAN...

I THOUGHT I SAW SOMETHING MOVE IN THE BRUSH! IT'S THE BOY WHO WAS WITH THE MASKED MAN! WELL, IF HE'S KEEPING WATCH, I CAN SNEAK MY MEN OFF WITHOUT HIM SEEING US!











NE-HELP...

BUT SUDDENLY, THE THUNDER OF RACING
HOOF BEATS, AS SILVER CHARGES...



THAT'S IT, SILVER!
TAKE HIM!



NEIGH!



DAN'S
SAFE!

AND EVERY RANCHER'S
STOCK WILL BE SAFE NOW
THAT YOUR HORSE BEAT
DOWN THAT RANGER!
I'LL FINISH HIM OFF!



MINUTES LATER...

I CAN'T HELP THINKING
HOW I MIGHT HAVE
FOOLISHLY BURNED
OUT WILD HORSE
VALLEY IF IT WEREN'T
FOR THE LONE
RANGER!

AW-YO,
SILVER!
AWAY!







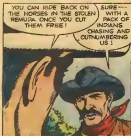


FIRST, LET ME
SEE IF YOUR
HORSES ARE
THERE!



THEY ARE THERE
—TETHERED NEAR
THE INDIAN WAR
PONIES!

THEY HAVEN'T
SPOTTED US YET!
—LET'S RUSH 'EM!



YOU CAN RIDE BACK ON
THE HORSES IN THE SPOLEN
REMUDE, ONCE YOU CUT
THEM FREE!

SURE—
WITH A
PACK OF
INDIANS
CHASING AND
OUTNUMBERING
US!



NO! OUR BEST CHANCE
IS TO TRY TO CRAWL UP
AND CUT THE HORSES
FREE! THEY'LL NOT
GIVE YOU AWAY—
THEY ARE USED TO
YOUR SCENT!

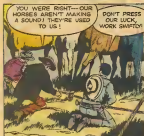
WHY CRAWL
WHEN WE
CAN RIDE?



THEY WILL CHASE US, BUT THEY WILL NOT
CATCH UP TO US! WE WILL BE MOUNTED
ON HORSES THAT ARE IN GOOD SHAPE
BECAUSE THEY WERE
FED GRAIN ALL WINTER!
THE INDIAN HORSES
ARE STILL HALF-STARVED
FROM A GRAINLESS
WINTER!

DISMOUNT,
BOYS! WE'RE
CRAWLING
UP!











YOUNG HAWK



SEE, YOUNG HAWK! THE GREAT RIVER--- THE ONE WE HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR! THAT LINE OF TREES.

PERHAPS! IT IS TOO FAR TO TELL YET, LITTLE BUCK!

TRAVELING EASTWARD ACROSS SOUTHERN NEW MEXICO'S DESERT, THE TWO PARCHING NAVAJO YOUTHS ARE LOOKING FOR THE MISSISSIPPI, DOWN WHICH THEY ONCE VOYAGED TO THE GULF.

BUT THIS IS THE RIO GRANDE?

IT IS WIDE! IT COULD BE THE GREAT RIVER!

NO---NOT THIS FAR SOUTH! THE GREAT RIVER IS FIVE TIMES AS WIDE, LITTLE BUCK!



AT LEAST IT IS WIDE! MY MOUTH HAS BEEN DRY SINCE YESTERDAY WHEN WE EMPTIED OUR WATER GOUGHS!

WOULD YOU ARE DRY TOO, LITTLE BROTHER?



NOW WE'LL HAVE TO BUILD A RAFT!

NO---THE RIVER IS NOT THAT WIDE! WE CAN SWIM ACROSS!



TAKE YOUR BOW AND ARROWS ON YOUR HEAD, AND COME ON, LITTLE BUCK! EVEN TUMBLEWEEDS CAN SWIM THAT FAR!





A PASSING BULL TRIES HARD TO HOOK LITTLE BUCK, BUT IN THE WATER EVEN A GREAT BUFFALO CAN MISS!





THE NEXT DAY, LATE IN THE AFTERNOON ---





NOT LONG AFTER DARK, THE STORM IS OVER AND THE MOON SHINES WHITELY DOWN ON THE SLEEPING, EXHAUSTED YOUTH.



MORNING

I SEE THE RIVER
BUT NO MEN, NO CACTI!
SHALL WE GO BACK AND
TRAVEL AROUND THE
WHITE SANDS,
YOUNG HANK?

NO!



THIS WHITE DESERT MUST END
SOMEWHERE ON THIS SIDE OF
THOSE BLUE MOUNTAINS.
LET US GO ON ACROSS
IT, LITTLE ROCK!



I AM THIRSTY
AFTER LAST NIGHT!
I WILL DRINK--

NOT YET! WE MAY
HAVE FAR TO GO TO
REACH MORE WATER,
LITTLE ROCK!



HOURS LATER...

A DRINK OF
WATER NOW,
YOUNG HANK--

WAIT!--
TILL WE GET
TO THE TOP!



AT LAST!--

WAAHOO!
THE END OF THE
WHITE SANDS!

AND THE MOUNTAINS ARE
NEARER! WE WILL FIND
WATER THERE!



NOW WE CAN
DRINK! YOU TOO,
LITTLE BROTHER!

KERRA!

I'LL HAVE
SOME FOR
TUMBLEHEAD!
WE'LL CAMP BY
WATER,
TONIGHT!



Boomerang



When the sheriff's posse rode in at Lafe Holden's desert shack, they found him panning gold. Lafe had spent the biggest part of his life in this wasteland. He had never found much gold, though he had criss-crossed the dry badlands until he knew it like a book.

"We're looking for Scar Mabry," the sheriff told Lafe. "He crashed out of jail and headed this way. Aiming for the border, we figure, to hole up in Mexico. A killer, he is. Ugly hombre . . . plenty big . . . scar across the left cheek . . ."

"Didn't see him," Lafe returned, feeling glad he hadn't. Disappointed, the sheriff waved his posse away.

Several hours later, Lafe looked up from his panning—straight down the unwavering barrel of a six-gun. The cold-eyed man behind the gun was ugly . . . big . . . a scar across his left cheek. Lafe felt his heart turn to lead.

"I just want one thing from you," Scar Mabry growled. "Guide me through this sun-blasted desert. Rocks and cactus, sand and dunes—it all looks the same to me. I'd get lost alone. Get me to the border."

"And—and if I don't?" ventured Lafe. "Then you feed the buzzards now . . . instead of later, after you guide me over the desert. It's your move!"

But like all others, Lafe wanted to cling to life as long as he could. What could he do but obey?

Before they left, Scar did something in keeping with his killer instincts. He took Lafe's own shotgun and rigged it up inside the cabin, so that whoever opened the door from outside would get a mór-

derous charge of buckshot or pointblank range.

"Now," he gloated, "the sheriff that was chasing me has got to come back this same way. When he does and opens your door, the string I fixed pulls the trigger of your coyote-bloster. Guess what happens to the sheriff?"

Lafe winced, not daring to think of it. His own cabin would become a death-trap for the sheriff.

All day Lafe plodded through the blistering desert, with Scar Mabry's six-gun at his back, urging him on faster. The sky was a copper bowl turned upside down. The sun was molten gold pouring from it. Heat even came up through the sand into their boots. Sweat stung their eyes and blurred vision.

Lafe didn't mind it too much. He was used to it, from endless prospecting forays through this patch of infernal regions. Scar Mabry took it harder, but drove himself on relentlessly. "All looks the same to me," he grunted at midday. "Are you sure you're going the right way? Any tricks and you stay here, frying in the sun . . . understand?"

"I—I understand," quavered Lafe. "Don't worry that I'll cross you and die . . . uh . . . ahead of time. Along about sundown, we'll come to an old deserted shack. There's water there."

Lafe was as good as his word. The shack came into view, looking like a natural part of the dry wastelands. Lafe staggered ahead to open the door, eagerly.

"Stop," hissed Scar Mabry, suspiciously. "Might be a gun cached in there that you know about. You don't get in ahead of me."

Opening the door, Scar's voice was drowned out by the boom of the shotgun that went off . . .

Lafe exploded to the sheriff the next day. "The desert was all the same to Scar. I led him in a big circle . . . right back into his own shotgun trap that he had laid for you." He put the shotgun back on wall pegs. "Reckon you might say," he mused, "that Scar was killed by a boomerang."

the Lone Ranger

THE BUCKING HORSE





MY GUN--

--THE REST OF YOU,
KEEP YOUR HANDS
CLEAR OF YOUR
GUNS!



WHY WERE YOU
TRYING TO KILL THAT
MAN?

BECAUSE
HE ROBBED
MY STORE!



YOU SAW
HIM DO IT?

WELL, NOT EXACTLY, BUT IF
ALL ADDS UP TO MY'S DOING
IT! I WAS COUNTING MY
WEEKLY CASH, WHEN HE
CAME UP BEHIND AND
SLUGGED ME!



WHEN I CAME TO, I
SAW A BLACK HORSE
TEARING AROUND THE
CORNER DOWN THE
STREET! TODAY, HE
HAD THE NERVE TO
RIDE BACK HERE
ON THIS SAME
BLACK HORSE---

---SEÑOR,
THAT IS *NOT*
MY HORSE!



YOU CAN SEE HE'S
LYING! LOOK AT THE
SADDLE--THIS SADDLE
PLATE SADDLE HORN IS
MEXICAN STYLE!
AND I KNOW THE
MAN WHO ROBBED
ME RODE OFF ON
THIS HORSE!

SII! THE
SADDLE, IT
IS MINE---
BUT
SOMEONE
TAKE IT
FROM MY
HORSE AND
PUT IT ON THAT
ONE I NEVER
SEE BEFORE!



MOUNT
HIM!





Stirrups

"SILVER'S STIRRUPS COMBINE THE BEST OF DIFFERENT TYPES. THE SPANARDS RODE THE FIRST HORSES IN AMERICA ON ARMOR-CLAD SADDLES WITH LEGS STRETCHED TO LONG STIRRUPS.



"THE RACING OR ENGLISH SADDLE IS RIDDEN WITH SHORT STIRRUPS. WITH KNEES GRIPPING A MOUNT UP HIGH, THIS SADDLE HELPS A RIDER IN A RACE OR OVER A JUMP.



"THE FAVORITE OF THE COVBOYS IS THE MEXICAN STOCK SADDLE. THE STIRRUPS ARE NOT AS LONG AS THE SPANISH NOR AS SHORT AS THE ENGLISH.



"TAPIEROS ARE COVERED STIRRUPS. IN COLD WEATHER, FEET ARE KEPT WARM WITH FLEECE LININGS AND FOR PARADING, THE TOOLED LEATHER MAY REACH ALMOST TO THE GROUND.

"INSTEAD OF PUTTING HIS FEET IN STIRRUPS, THE INDIAN CATCHES ONE LEG THROUGH A RAYHIDE ROPE TIED AROUND HIS MOUNT. WITH THIS SADDLE AND STIRRUP COMBINATION, THE INDIAN RIDES ALL OVER HIS MOUNT AND ALWAYS TRIES TO FIGHT WHILE KEEPING OUT OF RANGE OF HIS ENEMIES' WEAPONS."



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DON'T GET HURT



NEVER signal from side to side.
NEVER ride "without hands."
NEVER hitch behind cars or trucks.
NEVER carry "passengers" on your bike.
NEVER ride so fast you may lose your balance or be unable to stop quickly.
NEVER ride with bad brakes or tires.

BE SMART-PLAY SAFE



ALWAYS ride on right side of roadway.
ALWAYS look carefully when approaching an intersection.
ALWAYS signal before turning but keep both hands on handle-bars when you turn.
ALWAYS know and obey the traffic laws.
ALWAYS wear white when it gets dark, and use bright headlight and red, rear reflector.

HERE'S ANOTHER SMART IDEA...

Remind your Mom that swell-tasting Juicy Fruit Gum is a healthful treat that won't spoil your appetite. Ask her to get some and keep plenty on hand!

